

I surrender, I surrender to you by Catharrington

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Summary:

Billy lit his cigarette quickly, pulling until his lungs were filled to the brim with ash. With burning and black and red things that messed him up inside.

From the other side of the roof he didn't notice he wasn't alone until it was far too late, apparently. As his eyes fluttered back open, Billy followed the heated gaze on his skin. Turned until he found the farthest corner of the roof and the brick half-wall edge.

"Mr. Harrington?" Billy exhaled.

I surrender, I surrender to you

Author's Note:

Posted firstly to Tumblr for the Harringrove Week of Love! Teacher Au. I love this mass accepted headcanon of Billy being good at English. And I think Steve could be a really great music teacher. He's not like other teachers, he's a cool teacher.

Work title from the song surrender by suicide. Please give it a listen.

Thanks so much for reading and please leave a Kudo or comment???

The door to the roof was emergency access only. If you opened it, a silent alarm would go off in half a minute if you didn't have the code to disarm it. This kept all the students from wandering. But the code sat readily available on a bulletin board in the teachers lounge, so it didn't stop the staff from wandering.

It was the best place to come for a smoke break. Hands down. Sure beat sneaking around the bushes in the back of school, and way more space than the janitor's closet. And it didn't feel haunted like the basement did with all its rustling, moaning furnaces.

Billy pushed the door open and punched in the alarm code with his middle finger. Using the rest to clutch a reliable zippo lighter to his palm.

As soon as the door closed with a metallic hiss, and the light above the flat plastic box on the handle flicked to green, Billy was reaching into his suit's inner pockets. Felt along the silk inside until he found the crinkled pack of smokes he kept.

Inside, the school's prom was raging just splendidly. Billy had spent all night watching over it from the edge of the dance floor. Looking the other way as some dancers let their hands wander, as trembling lips searched out for a romantic first kiss.

He had been to his own Prom back in sunny California, spent it doing a lot more than cute kisses pressed to shoulders. The night brought back lots of memories of bruised wrists hidden by satin shirts, fast cars with wide back seats. The way leather feels on naked skin.

Billy lit his cigarette quickly, pulling until his lungs were filled to the brim with ash. With burning and black and red things that messed him up inside.

He exhaled the day from his lungs, but kept the ash. Let his eyes drift closed as he savored it.

From the other side of the roof he didn't notice he wasn't alone until it was far too late, apparently. As his eyes fluttered back open, Billy followed the heated gaze on his skin. Turned until he found the farthest corner of the roof and the brick half-wall edge.

Firstly, he noticed the black suit jacket thrown over the brick. As if it weren't expensive and the texture could ruin it. As if he didn't care if it were to tumble off the edge to the ground.

Then Billy's eyes drifted up along a smoke trail that wafted just above the suit jacket. A thin line of white smoke that lead back from over the edge towards a pair of pretty, pink lips.

"Mr. Harrington," Billy greeted.

The man just smiled. His lips holding that damn smoke curled around it like some blue-collared Cheshire Cat.

Steve, Steve Harrington, was the resident music teacher. His class room was underfunded and made of things he mostly brought in on 'donation'. The children loved him, even if he was hardly over their own age, self-taught, and said crazy things like he didn't believe in homework.

A large grand piano sat in the middle of his classroom. And Steve usually sat at it. At least, he did when Billy would find some excuse to come in and steal a glance.

Billy couldn't get over those long legs kicked out, his dress slacks lifting up to show off his ankles. The sweater he wore that day,

because he always complained about the old building being too drafty, pushed up to his elbows. And his moles. All the moles dotting up and down the back of his arms. Over his skinny, vein covered hands as they danced across the ivory keys of his grand piano.

Billy wasn't blind. He knew he lingered too long and too obviously at Steve's door for his own liking. Smiled too wide and brightly white whenever they made eye contact. But he couldn't help it.

Between his melted chocolate colored sexy mess of a hairstyle and his vintage movie star good looks, Steve was something else. Effortlessly funny, and gentle with the firm understanding of a father. He was amazing to watch or simply be around.

And that smile, that wide real smile that reached up all the way to create crows feet next to his pretty brown eyes.

It took Billy's breath away. It was, damn. Something else.

"Didn't think you of all people would be skippin' out on tonight's hoedown?" Billy kept his voice low. As quiet as the fading night around them. But his throat couldn't help the gravel laughter that joined his words.

Steve shrugged. Lifting his arms to around his elbows so his whole body moved.

The he turned, and Billy noticed with lingering eyes that he must have been worrying at his long, coffee brown hair all night long. It had gone oily under his fingers. There were some strands coming loose from how he had it pushed back. Mostly on the sides, right behind his ear, some were springing free. Reaching out for those mole covered cheeks like vines wanting to kiss. Curls of feather soft hair just out on display, and tempting Billy to his edge.

The view off the side of the school roof was pretty, long lines of Indiana forests stretching below them. And the colors of the night's sun setting was a water color swirl of navy blue and royal purple twinkling with stars as they turned on one by one.

But, Billy was looking at the curly pieces of hair behind Steve's ears.

“Just needed a break,” Steve spoke softly. “Headache. I don’t do well with lights and loud, loud music. I’ve had one too many concussions as a teenager.” And as he explained he chuckled. Like it was simply life and didn’t make Billy’s blood boil in his veins at the idea of Steve getting hurt.

Then Steve just shrugged again. Flicking the butt of his spent smoke off the edge before he lit up another one. Trying to chain smoke away a headache.

“What about you, Hargrove? Thought you were enjoying enabling all those troublemakers down there?” Steve asked.

Billy whistled low. His shoes kicked up the tiny pieces of gravel across the roof as he walked closer to the edge. “That obvious?” He asked.

“Might of well have spiked the punch yourself,” Steve smiled, wonderfully wide and real, it made Billy’s heart swell up into his throat.

“Fuckin’ Hell, I might get in trouble then,” Billy said in a laugh and an exhale of smoke. Mostly about the comment. Mostly about that damn smile.

He pressed his hip to the edge of the brick wall. Steve was standing a bit back away from it. His body turned to look out over the view. Billy didn’t want to look at all that. Leaned back casually on the wall facing inwards as if their best view was Steve’s pretty face itself.

A minute of comfortable relaxation ticked by. Their senses going dark and black and burnt as they created two designs of clouds around their heads. Watching them gather before fading as the smoke cloud was too weak to carry rain. So it drifted up into the night sky to join the hidden mass of starlight under all the polluting lights of the school building.

Billy was stealing glances at Steve. Trying to make it not obvious.

Finally, Billy thinks he’s supposed to be the one to talk. He wipes his cigarette across the brick to make a line of black. Watches it for a

second as he mutters, “What is he going to do? Fire me? Who else is going to teach these pipsqueaks how to understand poetry?”

“Good point, no one in their right mind actually enjoys poetry,” Steve shoots back.

Billy’s laughter from that is from deep in his chest. Rolling out through his ribs in a way he hasn’t felt tonight. In a way he wants to bottle and keep forever.

“Ya’know,” he starts slowly. Thinking about his words carefully. “I’ve got a bottle of aspirin in my desk. If that headache is still bothering you, Mr. Harrington?”

And Steve’s eyes flick towards him quickly. Searching the space between for any meaning to those words other than kindness. There’s a worry etched into Steve’s brows. And again, Billy’s gripped with a certain anger for whoever put it there.

He gives himself a moment to think about it. Looking from between Billy’s face to the ground below them. Kicking his fancy brown dress shoe into the dirt.

“We’ve been gone for quite a bit. Really shouldn’t we be getting back?” Steve’s whisper is so quiet. Even he must know that ain’t an option.

Reaching forward, across the little space left between them, Billy brushes his hand across the slumped fabric of Steve’s jacket still draped over the wall. He pets it once, twice, his fingers lingering on the well-loved softness that’s been put into the expensive suit, before he gathers it up in his fist. Lifting it from the brick so he can drape it over his arm.

He’s watching Steve the whole time. Wondering what the pretty boy is going to do about it.

“Mr. Hargrove,” Steve talks around the last puff of his cigarette. It’s tobacco burning bright orange to the filter before he flicks that one, too, over the side of the building.

Turning then to level a playful glare towards Billy.

“What’s another minute?” Billy scoffs. “Well, another 30 minutes?”

“We’ve got to get back!” Steve hisses. “If the principal notices they are down two chaperones then he will crucify us!”

“That’s a pretty poetic way of saying we’re dead if we get caught.” Billy curled his fingers deeper into Steve’s jacket. Pulling it so that it dropped on his other arm, the one farther from Steve. So that if he had to leave, if he really didn’t want to take Billy up on his generous offer of aspirin, he’d have to at least brush up along Billy’s side to fetch his jacket.

Crossing his arms back over his chest, Steve worried his bottom lip. Thinking, gears turning, under that head of perfectly disheveled hair. Billy couldn’t help but follow the motion of his worrying. Swiping his tongue over his own bottom lip as he thought about how Steve’s teeth worked. How they brought the blood to the top layer of skin. How it looked cherry red and wet, as if it were stained from the punch bowl at the prom still dancing below their feet.

“20 minutes,” Steve haggled. His eyebrow quirking up in a challenge.

Billy shook his head. “Says right on the bottle takes 30 minutes to kick in. Wouldn’t want to take you back to the party still hurting, pretty boy.”

And he let that slip. That wasn’t supposed to come out. Billy’s eyes widened in reflex at his old behavior. If he could reach out and pluck those words out of the air he would. It wasn’t poetic, it wasn’t romantic, it wasn’t the best way to flirt with the music teacher he has been silently crushing on for the past year.

But then, he noticed that Steve didn’t pull back. Or sneer, or draw his sword in a one on one combat for the disgrace of his honor.

He kept standing on the roof of their school. Kept his arms crossed over his chest to combat the cold. His button up shirt pulled tightly across his broad shoulders.

Kept smiling under the glow of the moon and the artificial yellow lights dotting around them. And just like his Cupid bow shaped lips,

his cheeks were flushed a brilliant red blush.

“Okay, yeah. Sure, Hargrove,” he stuttered out. Lifting one hand to wave towards the door.

Billy’s smirk was wide and wolffish, brilliant and happy.

He followed where Steve was gesturing. Opening the heavy metal door with a creaking groan of the hinges. Stepping aside to let him pass. Steve’s shoulder brushed along the fatty part of Billy’s bicep as he went.

Down the steps, they start picking up the quiet notes of the prom music still going on. Now that it was later on into the night, starting to become too late to be out, the music has mellowed out to softer love songs.

The staircase to the roof wasn’t decorated like the rest of the school. None of the red steamers or sweetheart pink balloons, just gunmetal steel.

But as the gentle rhythm trickled up the steps, it sure felt like Billy was right back on that floor. And he had never felt it before the way he had now. When he was a kid he was a rebel without a cause. Driving fast cars and leaving hearts broken behind him.

Valentine’s days were always something to get done. To get to the end of so he could jump in bed with his prize.

Now, as the melody of the song so slowly so softly floated by, he finally was felling those butterflies.

Was thinking this is how it felt being a kid and timidly kissing the shoulder of your dance partner. Your heart so swollen and raw just wishing they feel the same way. That they will smile at your lame attempt to get their attention, and bend down to give you a real kiss.

Billy felt his feet stop at a halfway platform. A shiny metal thing that groaned dangerously under them. It wasn’t a dance floor. Wasn’t painted wood of a basket ball court either, but it felt like it. Gods, did it feel like it.

The song echoes all around them. Distorting the voices and pianos

and making it ethereal in a way he didn't want to ever end. A spell he never wanted broken.

Then, so gently it was almost startling. Almost made him jump from his vibrating skin. Steve sipped his hand into the one Billy was using to hold his coat.

Billy jerked to watch him. Thinking this was it, Steve had changed his mind and was going snatch back his jacket to run off and play babysitter for the rest of night like a responsible teacher.

But, he instead wrapped those gorgeous piano player fingers around Billy's own and claimed them. Moved them so they were wrapped up too busy to hold the jacket anymore.

It tumbled down to the metal floor below them.

"Tell me if I'm reading the room wrong," Steve whispered. Trying not to be louder than the song. Trying to stay in the moment of the reverberating chorus. "I'm not good with poetry, but I know a romantic moment when it plays on the radio."

And he lead Billy's hand to his waist. Leaving his hand touching ever so softly on the sensitive skin of the back of Billy's hand.

And he used his other hand to cradle the back of Billy's neck. Those fingers playing over the shaved short hairs there like ivory.

Playing him like a damn fiddle. Like a damn piano. As skilled as he is in every instrument he touches.

Making Billy completely breathless. Making him an audience to the way Steve begins to sway to the song. Following along as their teacher's dress shoes click against the floor.

"I think you're better at reading than you let on, Harrington," he breaths. So low, so gentle, just like his hands as he wills up the courage to relax them on Steve's hips. His thumbs find the brown leather belt Steve wears all the time. And he worries circles into that butter-soft leather. Round and round.

The same circle that Steve's leading them in. Swaying back and forth

to the music so damn easily it's mesmerizing. It's easy to follow right along where he's lead.

Both of Steve's hands come up to wrap around Billy's shoulders. Takes a step even closer.

His face is handsome in the low light of the staircase to the rooftop. His whole face, from his hair to the tip of his thin nose, is sparkling more than even the sky they just left behind. His eyes are intoxicating to watch. Half lidded and dark.

Billy feels his fingers grip harder on that belt as Steve dips close to his face to talk right into the blushing parts of his cheek.

"You've cured my headache," his breath is warm across Billy's skin. It makes him shiver.

Steve leans back to watch for a reaction. A playful quirk that makes his nose scrunch up.

Billy swoops forward the inches between them to catch those perfect lips in a kiss.

It's slow, and soft, and it takes every damn thing Billy's got in his whole body not to melt into the floor right there. Not to give into the way Steve's lips are so warm pressed to his own. How he tastes like a more expensive brand of cigarettes. And how Billy can feel the way Steve's smiling still into his kiss.

It makes him whimper low, a pleading thing that sounds much more broken than he feels.

Billy actually feels a lot more whole than he has in a long time. Like a piece of him he's been ignoring has finally come to dance. Feels like a side of him he wants to look in the mirror and see. Not the rebel, or the self assured ass who's got so many walls up he can't see what's in front of him.

No, this was a kid who's gotten his first kiss at a school dance. And, to make it perfect, from the guy he's been crushing on all year long. From the prom king himself.

They part with a smile and a low laugh. Listen as the song switches to something just as slow and perfect for another cheek to cheek dance.

Billy lays his head down on Steve's shoulder. Pulls him in even closer. But leaving enough space for their feet to keep swaying back and forth to the music. Billy presses a soft kiss to Steve's shoulder, the white dress shirt is soft and well loved under his lips. Steve giggles from that, pulling even ever closer. Billy's sure it's his favorite music he's ever heard.